

Fit In

by TheFluffyPrince

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Summary: Kenma was the runt of the rest of the wyvern, and that unfortunately made life very hard for him.

Fit In

**A/N: Yet another installment of the 100 Creatures writing challenge. This time the prompt is number 71 (wyvern) and the pairing is KuroKen (Haikyuu!). Now, I've been meaning to write something with young Kuroo and young Kenma, so this is my chance. **

Pairing: KuroKen

Warning: AU, mild violence

Disclaimer: I don't own Haikyuu!

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><p>"Why is that wyvern in our class again? Shouldn't he be back with the slower fliers?" one of the larger wyverns asked with a deprecating laugh.

All the wyverns nearby all laughed in agreement, eying the small dragon across the field with glances of disgust, annoyance, and smugness. And although the small wyvern was several yards away, jumping up and flapping his tiny arms to try and catch some sort of air, his eyes narrowed the tiniest bit as their words reached his ears and his jaw tightened. It wasn't exactly hard to hear what they were saying, since they were in an open field and the older wyvern were pretty loud (and that was a bit of an understatement).

It wasn't strange that the other wyverns were picking on him. It happened nearly every day that he came to the fields to practice his flying, and had been happening pretty much since he had been born. He had been the runt of the litter when he had been born, nearly half

the size of the rest of the dragons. The elders had said that he wouldn't survive past the second moon cycle. And yet, miraculously, he had come out perfectly healthy. He was a bit clumsy and was developing slowly compared to the other wyvern that were born the same time as him, but other than that, nothing too serious was wrong with him.

But apparently, just his small stature was enough to warrant constant bullying and harassment.

Kenma let out a sudden screech as a fire ball whizzed past him, nearly burning the tips of his wings. His body trembled in fright before he fell to the ground in a heap. Loud, obnoxious laughter filled the air and Kenma felt his eyes well up with tears of frustration. He wanted to get up, to shout at the other wyverns behind him that they had no reason at all to pick on him. He had never done anything to him at all. He minded his business in the field and went upon his business. He never tried to pick a fight with them. He never even looked at them.

Sniffling softly, Kenma slowly stood up on trembling legs, his breath coming out fast and harsh. He took one step forward before he found himself falling to the ground once again. He could still hear the annoying laughter of the children behind him, loud in his ears as it echoed throughout his brain.

"Hey! What do you guys think you're doing?!"

The laughter stopped suddenly as another wyvern flew into the field, eyes blazing in anger. Kenma gasped softly, eyes widening slightly at the sight of his friend swooping in to save him. His pitch black eyes burned with anger, a snarl curling at his lips, showing a few of his sharp teeth. The sight would have brought a shiver down Kenma's spine, if he wasn't friends with Kuroo.

The other wyvern seemed to get the hint, cowering back at the sight of the larger wyvern. Kuroo was one of the largest wyvern in the flight among the children, and had a reputation of being pretty ferocious when provoked. (That did make Kenma wonder why the kids insisted on messing with him when they knew that Kuroo and him were really close).

Moving towards the group of young wyvern with a purpose, Kuroo glared down at them, smoke billowing out of his mouth. "What will it take for you morons to finally figure out that if you keep messing with Kenma, I will hurt you all?" Kuroo growled, a bit of fire leaving his mouth in a threatening manner.

The younger wyverns jumped in fear, looking at one another before flying away, tails in-between their legs. Kuroo glared at them for a moment before he scoffed, letting out the last bit of smoke in his mouth before turning towards Kenma. He let out a sigh and moved over to the smaller wyvern, butting his snout against his head.

"Why do you let those idiots mess with you Kenma? I know you could teach them a lesson if you wanted to," Kuroo rumbled, checking over his friend to make sure that he wasn't too hurt.

Kenma just shrugged, flapping his wings slowly before turning towards Kuroo. "It's too much effort."

Rolling his eyes, Kuroo smacked Kenma with his wing, causing the younger wyvern to squawk in indignation. "I don't care if it's too much effort. You need to take care of yourself. Those idiots weren't playing around today. You have gotten seriously hurt if one of them decided to take it far enough." Letting out another sigh, Kuroo looked Kenma right in the eye. "I don't want anything bad happening to you."

The younger wyvern stared up at his friend for a moment before looking away, frown coming to his face. "...Nothing bad will happen to me."

"Kenma, you can't—" Kuroo started to protest, only to be cut off suddenly by Kenma.

"Nothing bad's going to happen, because once I learn how to fly properly, they won't ever be able to touch me. Plus...", he trailed off, looking up nervously at Kuroo. "...I have you here. To...watch my back..."

Kuroo stared at Kenma for a moment, eyes wide in shock, before a smirk started to come across his face. In an instant, Kenma regretted what he had previously said. Moving to walk away from his friend, a yelp left his mouth as Kuroo tackled him, heavy body pressing against his back. Bristling immediately, the younger wyvern snapped his wings back, smacking Kuroo right in the face.

"Aww Kenma, you're so adorable. Of course I'll always be there to protect you~" Kuroo cooed.

"So troublesome...", Kenma grumbled, although there was a small smile on his face.

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><p>AN: So this is my first time writing Kuroo and Kenma, so I apologize if they're slightly ooc. **

End
file.